BOME NEW BOOKS Fashtounble Life to the Last Century

A strong and to some extent a novel light is thrown on the state of English society during the last century by the Autobiography and Cor respondence of Mrs. Delany, of which an American edition has been lately published by the Mosaca, Roberts, If we except Wainole's letters, we know of no work more suggestive and entertaining to the student of manners than this naive, informal record of the opinions, sentiments, accomplishments, habits, and mode of life which characterized the women of birth and fashion during the reigns of the Georges. The current impressions on this subject seem to be drawn, at second hand, from the pages of Richardson and Fielding, if not at third hand from Thackeray's "Esmond" and "Virginians." It will be manifest to the reader of this correspondence that the pictures of those novelist need correction in certain points, especially as regards the education and morals of ladies in high society. It will be remembered that, while each of Richardson's narratives is a kind of hyma to virtue, yet his exemplary hero-ines are invariably hard bestead, while the rognes and rougs, on the whole, have the On the questionable upper hand. havior ascribed to people of quality by Fielding and Smollett we need not dwell, but it is worth noting that Thackeray intro duces only one modest woman in "Esmond," who, moreover, is represented as brought wh smid the peaceful and wholesome surround ings of a rural deanery. Lady Castlewood, too although a very winning personage, is depicted as somewhat slenderly educated, and the same thing must be said of the young ladies, Theo and Hetty, who sweeten and redeem the other wise repulsive atmosphere of the "Virginians." It will not be disputed that Tnackerny distinctly gives us to understand that the corrupt and cynical Baroness Bernstein is a type of the principles and manners which prevailed at the court of George II., and that chaste and decent living was to be looked for rather in the mid

a priori objection must always have occurred t the reflecting reader. There was altogether too much shadow on their canvass; there was not probity and henor and modesty enough to acsount for the cohesion of society; there was not sufficient goodness, so to speak, to keep it sweet and save it from the gangrene of headlong disintegration. As for Walpole's letters, they are the work of a man who had the tastes and accomplishments, but also, in some meas ure, the morals, of Lord Chesterfield, and who seems to have thought his chronicle would lack spice and liveliness, unless he stuffed it tit-bits of prurient scandal, and eschewed the less exciting incidents of cleanly lives. Our instinctive suspicion that the English society of a century ago has been too darkly painted will be found amply justified in the memoirs before us. They set forth the career and character of a lady who belonged to one of the most powerful families of the aristocracy, who moved, all her life, in the most elevated spheres of the English world, and who, by the unanimous judgment of her contemporaries was pronounced a model of elegance and fast ion. Indeed, it was of her that Edmund Burke who seems to have been admitted but very se dom into the circle in which she dwelt, spoke in terms of such extravagant eulogy. Mrs. Delany, he told Dr. Johnson, was "a truly great woman of fashion; not only the woman of fashion of the present age, but the highest-bred woman in the world, and the woman of fashion of all ages. She was high bred," he continued "great in every instance, and would continue fashionable in all ages."

die class than among persons of high quality,

To his pictures and those of Fielding on

The author of these letters, Mary Granville, was born in 1700, while William the Dutchman was yet King of England, and she died in years upon the rare ll had been twenty-eight by that mental malady which was to render him incapable of public business. She was the greatgranddaughter of Sir Bevil Granville, who fell at Lansdowne with a patent from Charles I for the earldom of Bath in his pocket. The eldest son of Sir Bevil took up the title at the time of the Restoration, and his sisters were allowed the rank of earl's daughters. A younger brother, Bernard, the grandfather of Mary Granville, was groom of the bedchamber to Charles II., and his immediate family were rapidly advanced in place and wealth. eldest son, for instance, Sir Bevil, was made Governor of Barbadoes; George, the second, was created Lord Lansdowne by Queen Anne and their sister married Sir John Stanley. The youngest son, Bernard, married a daughter of Sir Martin Westcomb, and it was their daughter Mary who is the subject of this blography. She was brought up, to a large extent, by her aunt Stanley, who, as a former maid of he to Queen Mary, had apartments at Whitehall, and her chief intimacy in youth with Miss Catherine Hydo, afterward the celebrated Duchess of Queensbury. who survives in Prior's verse as "Kitty beautiful and young." Another of her intimate friends, with whom her relations remained of the closest nature throughout a long life, and to whom many of the letters now published wer addressed, was Margaret Cavendish Harley, subsequently Duchess of Portland. Here v may remark that the relatively creditable cultivation and high moral tone evinced in the De lany correspondence seems to have been common to almost all of the Granville family, as well as of the great Cavendish and Bentink houses, with whom our nuthor seems to have been most constantly associated. This fact do serves some emphasis, as indicating that Mary Granville, though probably more clever than the majority of her companions, was no exception in the respects just named, but a type of the sound-principled and somewhat carefully educated ladies belonging to a large, brilliant, and potent circle of the aristocracy. Aprop is of the same point, we may state here that the mistresses of George II., who, we should imagine from Thuckeray's plature of the times, were the most prominent figures in society, are scarcely so much as mentioned in the two volumes which recount the entertainments and enumerate the acquaintances of Mrs. Delany's friends.

The death of Queen Anne was for a time a ser ous Is jury to the Granville connection. Mary's uncle, Lard Lans lowne, was sent to the Tower and her 'athor, losing his public employment, was compelled to retire to a small estate in Glouesstershire. This was a grievous alteration in her prospects for a young lady who had been by ugit up with the expeciation of being mail of honor, who had "been at one play and one overa, and thought the poet's deseription of the Elysian Fields nothing to the delignts of these divisions. I often re-peated," she teds us. "Mr. Pope's verses to a young lady on her leaving the town after a coronation, and to make the change sprear more gloomy, all this I quitted in November, travelled five days through miserable roads's the journey can be now made in three hoursh and a a few days after our arrival at the Farm (the name of the house we went to) was blocked up from all intercourse with our neighbors by as severe a freet" labe means, of course, a fall of snowl "as was ever known in England, which prevented company from condug to us or our going abroad. Her mother, it seems, regretted this species of eally actinity from her consequent inability to give her children all the advantages in education she had contemplated. Mary was kept, however, to stat d hours for practising music reading, writing and French, after which she was expected to sit down and work with her needle. During the latter occupation her father generally read aloud, and in the evening she was called upon to make up a purry at whist with her parents and the clergyman of the parish. The musical instrument on which she practised was a harpsichord, though she refers elsewhere to a spinet It seems that in the year 1710 she " first saw Mr. Handel, who was intraduced to my Uncle Stanley by Mr. Heidegger, the famous manager of the opera. We had no better instrument in the house," she continues. than a little spinot of mine, on which that great musician performed wonders. I was much struck with his playing, but struck as a

I seated myself to my instrument and played the best lesson I had then learned. My Uncle archly asked me whether I thought I should ever play as well as Mr. Handel. 'If I did not think I should, cried I. I would burn my instrument."

Although Miss Granville was so young, she seems to have made great havor with the affec-tions of a youthful gentleman of the neighborhood, who, however, being the youngest of twenty children, was regarded as extremely presumptuous by her parents. They were not sorry, accordingly, when an invitation to her came from her uncle, Lord Lansdowne, who had been released from the Tower, to spend the winter at his country house. During her stay at her uncle's there came on a visit to him an old friend and countryman of his, Alexander Pendarves, Esq., of Roscrow, Cornwall. This gentleman, who possessed a large estate and great political interest in his county, conceived the design of wedding the blooming piece o his host, although he was near sixty and she scarcely seventeen. The young lady" though him ugly and disagreeable; he was fat, much with gout, and often sat in a suite Micted mood, which I concluded was from the gloomi cess of his temper. He was odious to me, and behaved myself not only with indifference but rudeness for I knew that of all men living my uncle had the kreatest opinion of and esteem for him, and I dreaded his making a proposal of marriage, as I knew it would be accepted." Miss Granville's apprehensions seem to have been well grounded, for when Mr. Pendarves urged the alliance on Lord Lansdowne, the latter at one embraced the offer, and engaged for his niece' compliance, knowing her to be a dutiful and self-controlled young woman, according to th most approved pattern of the time. One even ing, we are told, when she was about to leav the drawing-room with the rest of the guests her uncle called her back, and desired shwould bear him company. "My spirits," she writes, "foreboded what he was about to say and when he bid me shut the door I turned a pale as death. He took me by the hand, and after a very pathetic speech of his love and care of me, and of my father's unhappy circum stances, my own want of fortune, and the little prospect I had of being happy if I disobliged those friends who were desirous of serving me he told me of Mr. Pendarves's passion for me and his offer of settling his whole estate on me then, with great art and eloquence, set forth all his good qualities and vast merit, and how des picable I should be if I could refuse him merely ecause he was not young and handsome

This adroit discourse on the part of one of the eleverest men then living in England threw th young damsel into a cruel agitation, amic which she suddenly burst into Lord Lansdowne grew warm upon this mark of her distress, and said: "I see, Madam you are not to be gained by merit; and if Twe ord (the young Squirarch in Gloucestershire is an obstacle to my friend's happiness, and h ever dares to come to this house, I will have him dragged through the horse pond." Such an expression from a man of her uncle's exquisite politeness made her tremble, she says s showing how resolute and determined h was in the matter, and, like a well-trained young woman of the epoch, she contrived to stiffe her distress, and stammer out that she wa ensible of his goodness to her and of the grati tude her parents owed him, and that she would ubmit to his commands. A striking illustra ion of the complete disregard shown in mar riage at that period to everything but th worldly settlement in life is afforded by the letter in which Mary Granville gives the Duchess of Portland an account of this affair and in which she expresses an unaffected an rehension that her friend will blame her for not being able to adopt the views and senti ments of Lord and Lady Lansdowne on the occasion. We observe, too, that Lady Stanley writes to Mrs. Pendarves, 11 1717, and amiable siders "riches, honors, and length of years properly to constitute happiness.

After her marriage, Mary Granville was taker lown to Roscrow, an old and partially ruined castle on the coast of Cornwall, where she spen the greater part of the next seven years. Here her life was miserable enough, her husband passing most of his days in drink, and in his sober intervals evincing a gloomy, sullen temper. which, she says, "was infinitely worse to m than his drinking." Both in the country and during their occasional visits to London the young and handsome wife of such a man naturally received a great deal of attention, but her conduct was perfectly loyal and discreet. The most enterprising of her admirers at this time was the Earl of Clare, and his attentions were favored by Lady Lansdowne, who was a and by no means disposed to adopt the strict principles of the Granville family into which she had married. It was through her connivance that the young man contrived send a love letter to Mrs. Pendarves. The latter's description of the incident is extremely edifying. She was sitting, it appears, at he husband's bedside reading to him, when her aunt Laura's servant brought in the missive I opened it," she says, "and guess at my vexation when I found it came from 'Claris.' It was written in French, with the true spirit of a libertine Frenchman. In it he deplored my un happy situation in being nurse to an old man, and declared most passionately his admi ration of me, and that he could teach me better lessons than I found in romances, which he knew I was fond of reading and studying, which made me so shy and reserved, so crue and haughty; and if I would allow myself to bmore natural, I should be more agreeable. To this effect was his elaborate billet composed and stuffed with high-flown compliments to me, all of which I despised as much as detested the author." Mrs. Pendarves's indignation was incontestibly sincere, and yet, such are the complexities of the feminine heart, the contents of this odious epistle seem to have left a profound imprint, since they are set down from memory many years after the event. At another time "Claris." by the treachery of Lady Laura, stole a "slight ring" from her, which she drew off when washing her hands after supper. "It gave me some vexation." she remarks, "not knowing what boast or ill use he might make of it; but from that day I never saw more of him, for he presently left

England," When her husband died, in 1724, Mrs. Pendarves was not twenty-four years of age. She had not been a widow more than six months when Lord Baltimere, whom she describes as a "pretty gentleman," sent to ask leave to wait on her, and for several years this nobleman seems to have trifled sadly with her affections. He appears to have made a decided impression on her heart for she refused, at this epoch, a number of offers, including one from Lord Tyreconnel, and another from a nephew of Lord Stunley; but although he once reached the point of a formal proposal, he repeated within forty-eight hours, and invented a pretext for a quarrel, his extravagant habits requiring a richer wife. Her reference to his marriage notwithstanding its guarded tone, indicates considerable agitation. "As his behavior," she writes, " had given me some disquiet, I thought it best to avoid meeting him for some time; but a too great retirement from public places would have looked remarkable, which determined me to go to Ireland with my friend Sylvia, as soon as it was convenient for her to go; but the real reason of my going was entirely locked within my own heart." At Dublin, Mary Granville who had been married at seventoen, against he will, to a man of sixty, was to meet her second husband, himself a man of double her own years, and to whom she seems to have been attracted by an intellectual sympathy.

A voyage to Ireland in the year 1731 was ar undertaking quite as serious as a voyage to America in our own day. Mrs. Pendarves's party, which included, by the way, Mr. and Mrs. John Wesley, was weather bound for some days at Chester, the skipper of the packet, the Pretty Betty, in which they had secured the best cabin, being reluctant to expose them to the dangers of the Irish Sea. When they at length reached Dublin, the ladies from London were regally entertained, not only at the Castle, child, not a judge, for the moment he was gone | but among the "wits," as the cotorie which met

at Dean Swift's were not unwilling to be called The Dean of St. Patrick's seems to have taken a great fancy to Mrs. Pendarves, appointed himself her schoolmaster, and corrected her when she "spoke bad English" or did not "pronounce her words distinctly." "I wish," she writes, "he lived in England. I should not only have a great deal of entertainment from him, but improvement." During the next year or two a number of letters passed between her and Swift, in which he compliments her in a most elaborate way. "A pernicious heresy, he says, "provails here among the men that i is the duty of your sex to be fools in every particular, except what is merely domestic and to do the ladice justice, there are very few of them without a good share of that hereay except upon one article—that they have as little regard for family business as for the improve nest of their minds. I have had for some time," he continues, "a design to write against this heresy, but have now mid those thoughts aside for fear of making both sexes my ene mies; however, if you will come over to my assistance, I will carry you about among ou adversaries, and dare them to produce one instance where your want of ignorance makes you affected, pretending, conceited, disdainful, en deavoring to speak like a scholar, or twenty more faults objected by themselves, their lovers or their husbands. But I fear your case is deperate, for I know you never laugh at a jest be fore you understand it, and I much question whether you understand a fan, or have so good a fancy at silks as others; otherwise your way of spelling would not be intelligible,"

It was during this visit to Ireland that Mrs.

Pendaryes met Dr. Delany, whom, in 1743, or twelve years afterward, she married. At that time Dr. Delany was Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and also held the post of Chancellor of St. Patrick's; but although a man o wit and learning, his origin was obscure, and his proposal to Mrs. Pendarves was accounted a great piece of presumption by her family. I certain that the Irish scholar had a shrewd turn for compilment and notwithstanding the great disparily in their years, contrived to win the good will of the lady, which ultimately prevailed over the opposition of her relatives. How he commended himself to her esteem by convincing proof of his discernment and good taste may be judged by some extracts from a so-called portrait or character, which, in the fashion of the day, he composed for a London periodical called the Humanist. Under the ame of "Maria" he depicts Mary Granville's physical perfections in a flattering way, and then proceeds to sketch her intellectual and moral charms in language well worth citing because it represents the ideal gentlewoman of the period. "Maria's " stature, we are told, was in "a middle proportion, every part perfect in its kind, fitted alike for activity and strength Her walk was graceful beyond anything that ever I saw in woman, and her dance would have been equally so, would her diffidence have permitted it. It was so always in her private practice, but the whole world could not have prevailed upon her to attempt it in public where she would be the distinguished object of observation, as in minuets or single dances She was bashful to an extreme, and, if I may use the expression, even biameably so. The case was the same in her playing as dancing, for, though she had confessedly the finest hand and execution that ever was heard she never let anybody but her intimate acquaintances hear it. She could not bear the at entions of others to her, and whenever she found she was attended to in a very extraordi nary manner she biushed, and fluttered her self into a confusion which quickly forced her to give over." So far Mrs. Pendarves's elderly Irish admirer seems to acquit himself pretty well, but it is in subsequent efforts that his strokes on the blarney stone are most effective. He assures us that, "with a person finely pro-portioned, she had a most lovely face of great sweetness, set off with a head of fair bair ion which nothing could outdo or equality which to speak in the language of poets, the lilies and roses contended for the mastery. Her eyes were bright-indeed I never could tell what color they were of, but to the best of my judg

ment they were what Solomon called eyes: and she is almost the only woman I eve saw whose tips were scarlet, and her bloom be rond expression. The sweetness arising from united graces was guarded by a dignity which kept all admirers in awe, insomuch that she was the woman in the world to whom that fine description of Solomon could best be applied Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, butterrible as an army with banners."

After this appreciative review of her personal attractions, which we will venture to say was remembered by the lady with even more distinctness than "Charle's" etter, above mentioned, the friend and pupil of Dean Swift proceeds to enumerate her mental and spiritual accomplishments. In the art of detecting and announcing agreeable truths, he shows himself endowed with not a little of that delicate insight and fine candor by which his master had captivated Stella and Vanessa, and which by the manifest presence of profound conviction escapes the charge of adulation Maria." he tells us. " was nobly descended, and most advantageously educated. Both her parents pious, intelligent, and polite to a very distinguished degree, she was early initiated in every art, with elegance and erudition, that could form her into a fine lady a good woman and a good Christian. She read and wrote two languages correctly and judiciously. She soon became a mistress of her pen in every art to which a pen could be applied. She wrote a fine hand in the most masterly manner. She drew, she designed with amazing correctness and ability; the noblest and most varied landscapes came as easily and exactly under the mastery of her imagination and eyes as the meanest ob jects to those of another, and she could delineate them in the utmost perfection of drawing with more despatch than a common hand could scrawl or scribble. She never copied a picture from any master in which she did not equa and often outdo the original. Her car to music was exact, and her fingers admirable The harpsichord was a new instrument when she played upon it, and the notes sounded under her hand, in a combination of harmony, as if they had been naturally connected."

We ought to add that when Mrs. Pendarye scanned this veracious photograph of herself her natural modesty led her to prote tagains its publication, but there is no reason to think the author suffered in her favor from the effu sive spirit of his performance. At all events she married him in spite of her broth -r's objetion to the match, and carried her Irish hus band to the Duchess of Portland's and other great houses, where, we have little doubt, fro the above sample of his quality, he made him self extremely agreeable to the ladies. Nor wa it long before he gained, thanks to the interest of Lord Carteret, one of his wife's kinsmen, th Deanery of Down, with a promise of the nex-Irish Bishopric, should be eare to surrender the ampier revenues of that office. With he second husband, Mrs. Delany lived happily for some twenty years, and after his death, which occurred in 1768, she seems to have spent a great part of her time with the Duchess of Portland. During the last ten years of her life she became a great favorite of George III, and of Queen Charlotte, to whom her society becan so necessary that, after the death of the Duch ess, a house was provided for her at Windso and her income was supplemented by a handsome allowance from the privy purse. She seems to have retained the clearness of her intellect, and the charm of her manner to the end of her days, and the last of her letters printed in these volumes was penned but a lew months before her death, at the age of eighty-eight.

That Mrs. Delany possessed unusual good sense, as well as a really cultivated mind, manifest throughout this correspondence, but, perhaps, the most striking single proof of it a letter of advice to the young Lord Titchfield on going to Oxford, a letter composed at the request of her friend and his mother, the Duchess of Portland. It may be doubted whether Johnson, or Goldsmith, or Burke, or any professional man of letters of the day, could have indited a more appropriate or ad mirable epistic. The manner may seem a little

stilted, for her prose, like that of all her con temporaries in the higher ranks, was modelled on that of Lord Bolingbroke; but the matter is sound and wholesome. "My Lord," she writes,
"the first duty of true friendship is truth. Be not surprised, then, if in obedience to this obli gation I put you in mind of some debts which as young people are too apt to forget their debts possibly you have not yet thought of, or, at least not so seriously as they deserve. You have, my Lord, been running in debt, almost from you cradle, but more remarkably for seven or eight years last past, and at the same time that you have been contracting these debts, you have been promising every day, by everything ser ous and sacred, to discharge them to the full with ample interest, You will naturally ask what these dotts pre. I answer, the debte of well-grounded, solid hopes and righteous ex pectations—the debts of all others most properly deemed debts of honor-debts the most honora-ble to contract and most glorious to discharge, and consequently the most reproachful to leave unpaid. No, my Lord, you will leave none of them unpaid; we will judge of the future by the past and rest there."

That the lax morality which we are apt to

associate with the reign of the Second George

was neither practised nor sanctioned in the

circle of Mrs. Delany's friends, is attested by a

thousand artiess comments and equally suggestive reticences in these private epistics never meant for the public eye. We are specially impressed, however, with the thoroughly genuing uprightness and simplicity of her principles when we read her criticism on Lord Chester field's letters. Not that her judgment differs in any way from that prenounced by most sensible persons in our day, but it is somewhat of a surprise to find our verdiet anticipated by a woman of high fashion, who cannot be beguiled or dazzled by the most witty and accomplished nobleman among her English contemporaries 'I am not at all surprised," she writes to one of her correspondents, "you should be enter-tained with Lord Chesterfield's letters and approve of many of them; as a politician and what is called a man of the world. I suppose they are faultiese, and his polishing precepts are useful and excellent, but I am afraid, as you go on, his duplicit and immorality will give you as much offene as his indiscriminate accusation does the ladies Those who do not deserve his lash despis it, and conclude he kept very bad company Those who are conscious they deserve his cen sure will be piqued, but silent. The general opinion of these letters among the better sort of men is, that they are ingenious helpful it point of outward behavior, but very hurtful in a moral sense. Certainly his encouragemen of gallantry in the French court was strange advice from a father to a son, in whatever ligh it could be placed. He mentions a decent re gard to religion, at the same time recommend falsehood-even to your most intimate acquaint ance-and adultery as an accomplishment. Le. graces are the sum total of his religion. The conclusion of his life showed how inferior his beart was to his head-unkind and ungrateful to an excellent wife, who had laid great obligations on him, and the same to all his dependants."

It would be a great mistake to infer from her well-stored and inquisitive intellector from the

steadiness of her principles that Mary Granville's life was passed a little aside from th main current of the great world in what is sometimes described as a literary or ploucotorie. The significance of her virtues and cultivation lies in the fact that she dwelt all her days in the fullest blaze of station, expendi ture, and display. The vast amount of space devoted in this correspondence to the account of court festivities, and the description of isdies' dresses and jewels, sufficiently attests how little time most persons would have found to read or think in her position. With the ex ception of the few years spent in Cornwall during her first marriage, and of her occasions visits to Ireland, she seems to have mingled very little with what may be called the class of narrow and coveted sphere only just below the throne. We experience a positive surfeit of the peerage in these pages. And here we may point out some strangely suggestive omission which characterize the whole correspondence.

Although we see Mary Granville writing to Dean Swift in 1731, and subsequently find Rousseau exchanging letters with members of her family, and although her style bears con clusive evidence of a well-equipped, as well as agile mind, there is throughout her letters an extraordinary silence touching English men of ictters of the middle and latter part of the last century. The names of Dr. Johnson, of Oliver Goldsmith, of Gray, of Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, Berkeley, Hume, and Adam Smith are scarcely mentioned in these volumes. That o Edmund Burke occurs but once, and that is in an account of a dinner at Buistrode (the seat of the Duke of Portland), where, she intimates, the company was extremely mixed, ranging "from the King and Lord Mansfield down to Edmund Burke," Undoubtedly she was more civil than the rest of the great ladies to the brilliant young Irishman, for it seems to have been at Rulstrode that Burke observed in Mrs. Delany the combination of mind and manners which caused him to speak of her in terms of such fervent panegyric to Dr. Johnson-terms which, curiously enough, long constituted her chief title to remembrance with posterity. This, however, is actually the sole occasion on which any contemperary Englishman recommended partly of mainly by literary achievements was admitted to the circle in which Mrs. Delany moved. In a word, this correspondence confirms a fact, tolerably well authenticated by other evidence, that literature in England suffered a sociaeclipse after Anne's Augustine age, from which it has not yet recovered. No succeeding English man of letters has ever held anything like the position of intimacy and influence with the chiefs of the aristocracy, occupied by Dean Swift, it may be because none have known bow to combine such a subtle tact and dexterity in essentials with such a bluff and surly indeembeace of outward bearing.

We must note very briefly one other astonishing omission in Mrs. Delany's pages befor cleaving the reader to ransick for himself their mass of pleasant anecdote and instructive record. A part of this correspondence covers the whole period of our Mevolutionary war from the outbreak at Lexington to the peace of 1783. Yet this indy, who was meeting the King's Ministers every evening in drawing rooms, and who was continually brought in contact with George I.I. and his jamily at Windsor or St. James's, seems to be totally unconscious of the rebellion or the finally extorted independence of the American coloutes. There is not so much as a syllable regarding the persons, or the incidents or the issue of the struggle which, to us was so momentous, and about which we imaginthe whole world must have been agog. We should ascribe more significance, however, to the absence of such aliusions, if we could disover other than a somewhat cursory reference o the buttles of Dettingen and Fontency, or even to the invasion of England by the Preender, Charles Edward, and the final collaps. of the Jacobite uprising as Cumoden. M. W. H.

Picturesque Europe.

Probably the most superb book ever proinced in this country is that which the Messes Appleten have just published in three volames, entitled Picturesque Europe. It is some rears since its issue in numbers was commoneed, but it is now finished, and merits all he only ums that critics and experts have bestowed upon it. It is in quarto form, and conains more than sixty steel engravings, in the highest style of art, and about a thousand admirable wood cuts, large and small, all made or this work from drawings by Bickett Foster. Harry Fenn, J. D. Woodward, W. H. Boot, and therariists. While it is perhaps, more complete in regard to the scenery of Great Britain and Ireland, its views from other parts of Europe cover the whole range of important landscapes and of famous cities, from Spain to Hussia and

with their reproduction by the artists of this enterprise. The letter press, o which the late Mr. Bayard Taylor was the editor, is quite worthy of the Hinstrations, affording all the information that is desired in a most agreeable and attractive manner. The work must long remain unsurpassed among such productions.

Illute for Skilled Markemen by a Champton

Porhaps the most useful sportsman's man ual issued from the American press has been written by Capt. A. H. Bogandus, and is now published by the Orange Judd Company. The reputation of the author among experts with the rifle and the fowling piece is widely known, and it is worth remark that the present is onof the few treatises penued by a thoroughly practical man, and strictly confined to the information derived from his own experience. It would have been easy to make the book twice as large as it is by copying, with or without eredit, as is the custom, long extracts and descriptions from the standard authors of natural history in this country. In this work a very different method has been followed. Here we have the observations and accumulated knowledge of a man who has been constantly engaged in the puranit of game for a quarter of century. When we consider that, during the greater part of that period, Capt, Bogardus is understood to have supported and brought up his family almost solely by his gun, we shall scarcely dispute his qualifications to enlighten even old sportsmen, and certainly to instruct the young in regard to the habits and haunts of game, and the art of shooting.

With the best places for game in the Eastern

States Capt. Bogardus does not assume to be

well acquainted; but he is familiar with the West from Kentucky to Nebrasks. Throughout that region, although a marked change has taken place within his memory, it is still easy to find good shooting. It is true that many suipe grounds are now drained, and some are even thickly built over, while the brakes and hickets which once sheltered the woodcock have, to a large extent, been cut up and cleared away. It appears that quail, however are note. ally more numerous in many States than they were in earlier times. The opportunities of quail shooting are excellent in most of the counties of Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky, Iown, Mis ouri, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Northern Indiana and Michigan are also famous for snipand duck, but perhaps the best general sport is to be had in northwestern Missouri and parts of Iowa, for there, besides grouse, quail waterfowl, &c., you may come upon wild turkeys and deer. It is often said that pin nated grouse cannot be killed by the gun in the months of November and December, because they are so wild at that season, and this alleged fact is made the excuse for the trapping and netting by which the markets of great cities are mainly supplied with that bird during that porion of the year. Capt. Bogardus proves that the assertion is either a piece of pure invention on the part of netters and trappers, or due to the imagination of those whose small skill with the gun, and scanty knowledge of the habits peculiar to the game in question, are chargeable with their own failure to kill any at such times. He tells us how he managed to bring

them down with the fowling piece, and how an

sportsman who chooses to follow his instructions may secure similar results.

Capt. Bogardus does not offer the reader i ong, theoretical description of the principles and details of gun making. He considers a minute knowledge of the mechanism of his fowling piece no more essential to the young sports man than a precise opinion on the question whether the Chinese or Roger Bacon first in vented gunpowder. He thinks marksmen may safely leave such matters to the gunmakers whom he has found, almost everywhere, a highly ingenious, painstaking, trustworthy class of craftsmen. So far as his experience goes, the vast majority of accidents are now and always have been caused, not by bad guns. that by had handling of places quite good enough for ordinary use. Even in the day of cheap muzzie-loaders, not one casualty in a hundred was owing, in his judgment, to defects in the barrels of the guns. For some years Capt. Bogardus has himself used a breechloading gun of ten gauge, thirty-two inches in the barrel, and ten pounds weight. He has shot with it twelve times in matches against time, undertaking to kill fifty birds in eight minutes. and has won the money on each occasion. He has used it in a multitude of other contests, as well as in a vast amount of field shooting every spring, autumn, and winter. Notwithstanding this exceptional degree of strain, the piece ha never been sent to a gun shop to be repaired, and is as tight at the breech, and as perfect in the These facts, he submits, demonstrate that there s nothing wrong in the principle of a breachloader, and that if such a gun is properly constructed, it will stand as much wear and tear as a muzzle-leader. Of course there are still many men prejudiced against breech-l-ading fowling pieces, and some who have given them a protracted trial remain fixed in their aversion. But in most of these latter cases our author thinks the men have either get hold of a poor gun, or do not know how to lond a good one. If the cartridge is not properly flied, wadded, and turned down the shooting will certainly be interior, no matter how excellent the weapon or how skilful the marksman. Capt. Begardus dwells more on the necessity of large charges of sound, strong powder than on the size of the shot. His notion s that the smaller shot are driven at harher velocities and have greater power of penetraon than the larger sizes. Besides, the ratio of the number of pedets to the weight of the charge is a very material thing; the more there are, the more will, in all probability, be put into the bird shot at. As a matt ref course, in following this principle, we are not or run into extremes, and use very tiny shot for large game. On the other hand, we hast not be too ready, when the birds at a throught to bar, to lay it to the fault of small biged shot. No shot, remarks the Captain, is big enough to stop a bird without litting him.

Notwithstanding our author's general enlorsen, at at breach-loaders, he is of the opinion that shooting time and neshal somew at mpulred one fine qualities of his own pice y making the burrels so het. He fances i loor not now throw its shot so close or distribute the charge so evenly as it did before the harrols were heated in these partence. They have at times becomes that the test in his brotled out of the soldered join's along the city. a denoted based and bearing sometant one at be nekskin giove. He affirms, however, trat nearly all the good shots in Phincis now profer the brosch-loading gun. Naturally a strong GEO: COMEN wen with this piece, if there is a detact in the e tion of the plunger so that it does not str ksquare on the cap, there will be mastires in anweather. This is a point, therefore, which repulses particular attention in the choice of reech-londer.

o is one other of the author's pression. to which we would direct special notice. Exsminds us that to shoot will a man must him is gun so stocked as to perfectly it him. Some of course, require a longer stock than others fome, again, like stocks which res nearly etralight, while others can shoot best with a gun he stock of which is creek d. The choice : share is determined mainly by the build of th marksman. A long-around person obviously does not want a gur wan a short stock, nor can a men with a moderately long neck use a gun which is straight in the stock with ease or pleasure. Capt. Bogar tus prifers a ctock of moderate length, and one that is rather crooked, say with a drop of about three in hes. This comes up even with the shoulder, in the case most men, and you do not have to crook the neek much in takter aim with it. As to

at the shoulder; but he insists that even in snipe shooting there is a distinct aim taken. though when a well-fitting gun is brought up to the shoulder, the sighting is almost instantaneous, and the discharge follows on the next instant. He adds that, in the time matches, where he must shoot with supreme quicknesseven in these contests where he stands between two traps forty yards apart, which are pulled at the same time-he invariably sights his bird before he pulls the trigger. Otherwise, he assures us, he could never have accomplished the feats to which he owes his reputation.

A Ludy's Life in the Rocky Mountains

Under the above title, the Putnams hav reprinted a series of letters which appeared last year in the London Leisure Hour, and at tracted a good deal of attention. The author IRABELLA L. BIRD, is an English woman with whose name the reading public had been favorably acquainted through a pleasant narrative of travel called "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands." She belongs to that class of observers who bring to their work the qualifleations of the artist, rather than of the scientific student, but, regarded as transcripts of pictorial phenomens, her books deserve high praise Among the numerous attempts made since the completion of the Pacific Bailway to depict with pen or pencil the scenery of Colorado, here seems to us the most careful and satisfac tory. There is a firmness in her drawing, and a mastery over the means by which the effects of color and perspective are suggested in words. seldom remarked elsewhere than in the writings of those art critics who make it the busi ness of their lives to interpret visual beauty through the imperfect medium of speech. Of course, the capacity of artistic insight and instinctive choice of the right epithet evinced in her bright sketches of particular scenes attest exceptional gifts; but the facile neatness and precision of her general diction recali De Quincey's assertion that the native strength and spontaneous graces of our language are seen to best advantage in the private letters of well-born and not over-educated English women.

The author seems to have spent some three months in the wildest part of Colorado, the rerion known as Estes Park. "What is Estes Park ?" she atke in one of these letters, remen bering that the name, with its quiet, midland counties sound, will suggest to her English readers park palings, well lichened, a lodge with a curtseying woman, fallow deer, and a Queen Anno mansion. We need not say that such associations are ludicrously inappropriate. For park palings there are mountians forest-skirted, 9,000, 11,000, 14,000 feet high; for a lodge, two sentinel peaks of granite guarding the only feasible entrance, and for a Queen Anne mansion, an unchinked log cabin. with a vault of sunny blue overhead. She proceeds to give her correspondent some idea of its incomparable scenery, intimating at the same time that she would have kept its beauties a secret from the English reading public, had not Henry Kingsley, Lord Dunrayen, and others divulged the charms and whereabouts of these happy hunting grounds, with the certain result of turning a stream of Cook's tourists into the solitary, beast-haunted paradise. As the American reader knows, Estes Park

is one of those high-lying valleys, like North Park, Middle Park, South Park, San

Luis Park, &c., scattered throughout the Rocky Mountains, most of which are unnamed while others have been grotesquely nicknamed by the hunters or trappers who have made them their emporary resorts. They always lie far within the foothills, their "exquisite stretches of flowery pastures, dotted with clumps of trees. sloping, lawn-like, to bright, swift streams full of red-waisconted trout, or running up in soft giades into the dark forest, above which the snow peaks rise in their infinite majesty." Some are bits of meadow, a mile long, and very narrow, with a small stream, a beaver dam, and a pond made by beaver industry. Others agnia, like South Park, enclose great roll ing prairies, scores of miles in length, well grassed and watered, but nearly walled in from the world by the snows of winter. Hun dreds of these valleys can be reached only by riding in the bed of a stream or by scrambling up some narrow caffon, till it debouches on the fairy-like expanse above. These parks are the feeding grounds of innumerable wild animals. and some seem specially chosen for the process of antier casting, the grass being covered for at least a square mile with the magnificent branching horns of the elk. It seems that Estes Park combines the beauties of them all. It is an aggregate of lawns, slopes, and glades some eightern miles in length, though never more than two miles in width. The Rie Th. a bright, rapid trout stream, snow-born on Long's Peak, a few miles higher up, here takes, we are told, "alt sorts of magical twists, vanishing and reappearing unexpectedly. glancing among lawns, rushing through ro mantic ravines, everywhere making music through the still, long nights. Here and there, continues the author. " the lawus are so smooth, he trees so artistically grouped, a lake makes such an artistic foreground, or a waterfall comes tumbling down with such an apparent feeling for the picturesque, that I am nimost vexed with nature for her close imita tion of art." On the whole, however, grandeur and sublimity, not softness, are the dominant features of Estes Park. The glades which be kin so softly are soon lost in the dark primeval forests, with their "peaks of rosy granite and their stretches of granite blocks, piled and poised by nature in some mood of fury." The streams are lost, too, in caffons, nearly or quite inaccessible, awful in their depth and blackness; every side vale ends in invstery; seven mountain ranges raise their frowning berriers between you and the plains, while at the south end of the Park, Long's Peak towers to a height of 14,700 feet, with his "bare, scathed head flecked with eternal snow." The lowest part of the Park itself is 7,500 feet high, and though the sun is not during the day, the merusy hevers near the freezing poin every night of the summer. An immense quantity of snow alls furing the winter months, I at, partly owbg to the tremendous winds which drift it into the deep ravines, and partly to the powerful un of the daying to hours, this perchular valley. tis said, is never snow tup, and a number of and and bots a are wintered out of doors on tta sun cured, sacel at ne grasses, of which the gen men grass is the most valuatie. The soil here, as elsewhere in the neighborhand, stems fig. of evidently by the disinformilles of the decounting mountains. Are uting to curanthor, it does not hold water, and s arealy looks wer even in the spring, the show masterinen is the fact that it will shoot as well in well when well advanced, are cut and stacked for winter (slater. Potatoes yield abundantly, and quently no missiless on ne count of damp. But I though not very large, are of the best quality From they the more seculent vegetables would require in gation. Our nuttor found the wild flowers gargeons and innumerable though their season, which culminates in July and Augrast, was nearly over when she arrived. Hers t instance, she saw dandelions, butterout isrespure hard-like violes whose thire gen-tian coin abine printers breen and first others, but and vellow resident matter among the lints. The space between one water and the next is, indeed, very trief its flowery growth and it seem of a wholever being compressed in one out two months. Of terms, after many a long heat, Mrs. Bird lighted on but two virteier - those known to lettanlate as the Cystoplecis fragilis and the Beekman spicant. Prospective tourists will be glad to learn that snakes and nosquitoes seem to be unknown in Estes Park, Coming almost dire tly from the tropies. Mrs. first was naturally dissatisfied with the uni early in the shape and that of the foliage in hose high-lying valleys. At this nititude, th ees, properly so-called, are almost exclusively conferm, and bour needles instead of leaves, In places you may come on patches of spindly

singly or in groups, their aspect is described as sombre, and almost funereal, when densely massed, as here, along the mountain sides. The most attractive tree our author saw in Esten Park was what she calls the silver spruce, It booked, she says, as if a "soft blue silver powder had fallen on its deep-green needies, or as if a bluish hoar frost, which must melt at noon, were reating upon it. At this altitude in the Rocky Mountains the universal tree seems to be the plans ponderosa, but it never attains any very considerable size, and, according to our author, there is nothing in Estes Park to compare with thared woods of the Sierra Nevada, far less with the Sequoins of California.

In the course of her sojourn in Colorado the author has frequent occasion to exercise her happy faculty of landscape drawing, but there is also in this volume a great deal of lively incident and personal experience, fulfilling the expectations naturally excited by the title.

JARNDYCE AND JARNDYCE.

On the 19th of last month a man of 67 presented himself before one of the Judges of the English Court of Chancery, as plaintiff in the suit of Martin agt. Howard, and begged for a fortnight's delay, in order that he might is struct counsel. He submitted that the case had been going on for twenty years; that the defendants had thrown every difficulty in his way, and that his attorney had left him, on account of his poverty, in the lurch. The defendant-who, though appearing in the suit as Howard, is in reality Earl Beauchamp-was represented by what is called "a strong bar," thus indicating that he deemed the cause important, and his leading counsel, Sir H. Jackson, Q. C., said that if plaintiff would really instruct counsel, Lord Benuchamp would be sorry to stand in his way. The Vice-Chancellor there upon granted further time, but on the express understanding that plaintiff would in a fort night be prepared to go on, and the Judge added that the Court would not consent to any further delay in a cause which had for twenty years been hanging over the defendants.

The question at issue is to whom what is known as the great Jennings estate really beongs, for although this particular suit may be but twenty years old this property has been a bone of contention for thrice that time. Three years ago appeared in London "The Last Let-

but twenty years old this property has been a bone of contention for thrice that time. Three years ago appeared in London. The Last Letters of Sarah, Ducless of Mariberough, which, it was stated in a very meagre profine, and been uncerthed at Lord Beametamp's seat in Worcestricking. These letters were all addressed to Mr. Robert Jennings, but the preface was solved as to his connection with Lerd Beamething, but the preface was solved as the beamething with Lerd Beamething, and have fortune made, in button making chiefly at Birmington, Robert left one son. William, who died in 1690, leaving a lurge fortune made, in button making chiefly at Birmington, Robert left one son. William III., page of honor to George L. and died when that monarch's great-grandson had been thirty-eight years king. The ugh not exactly a miser, he had nothing to spens this money on, and incumulated so greatly that at his dorth his personalty was computed at over \$10,000,000, and he had also vast unded estates.

His will was found, but without any executor named in it, a cremestance which his valet thus explained: On reaching his lawer's office, Mr. Jennings found that he had not his gaisses. He said he would return with them next day and fill in the binak states, hat meanwhile he died. He was suncessed to boil one of the only we follow the work of the only we follow the work of the only we follow the work of the product of the died with the will annexed was granted to be long with the will annexed was granted to be long with the will annexed was granted to be sometimes and morest of kin, William Lygon and Vaccountess Andover. The real estate went to Barl Howe, the heir male at law in succession, by whom it is enjoyed now, and who inherits also from the elder branch of the Jennings's property appears to have been so regular and patenthal the illigation arrising out of its difficult to account for on any rational ground. Yet here it has been dragging its course for upward of three generations, semetimes at that of another, and puttingthe hol Actor Han. The Squire and the Rector took his case up and managed to get all the links in the chain except an entry in a certain parish rigister. One or both went to the church, where they found such register ought to bette page sought had been cut out. My information was derived from a most trustworthy source."

source."
This suit is averred to have been the very one which suggested to Charles Dick us, Jarndyes vs. Jarndyes, in "Bleak House." His father early in life was a clerk in an attorney's office where the cause was in hand, and often spake of it at home. The thing made an ingression on Charles, and suggested to him the cause which has become so famous in detion.

IN A CRUTCHMAKER'S SHOP.

Something About the Manufacture of the Reips for the Lame.

In a small front room in an upper story at 5 Chatham square Charles J. Crandall makes and repairs crutches. His workshop is filled with tools of many descriptions, pieces of jumber, and odds and ends. A feet lathe and a workman's bench are on one side of the room. and crutches, new and old, in pairs and simily, ocupy much of the remaining space.

Crutches are usually made of lance and iron wood, because these woods are light, strong, wood, because these woods are light, strong, and durable. Occasionally bamboo is used, but in order to insure strength the bamboo is used, but in order to insure strength the bamboo must be large, and the crutches are consequently clams st. Crutches raine in price from \$7.50 to \$120 at pair, according to quanty and finest. Several days are required to make a pair by innot but hands made ones are more durable and before in other respects than those made by mediators. The immbor is first ent into saminist Parity, and is then turned on the lathesto the required size. The armpices requires the most or and alternion. There are several patterns, and alternion. There are several patterns, and alternion. There are several patterns, on dwitch consists of a cross piece on the removed and the custion taken off. Another armoved, which is repaired to fine the first cross piece can be removed, and the custion taken off. Another armoved, which is repaired for the first cross piece can be removed, which is repaired for a first strength of the wood. When the remove warm three yor clastic. The boat mass first the crutches are as a rule made of rubbar strengthens by strong three proposed by a new piece.

While the replaced by a new piece.

While the replaced by a new piece.

While the replaced by a new piece and all proved the run with a parity as an old friend, and was much pieced at the improved that of those when the proposed by a contact as a large was a little girl who, when her crutch was returned to her hearth as a lot is flow, received it with a politic. Thank was and a large was a little girl who went her crutch was returned to her hearth as a lot is new received it with a politic. Thank was and a large was a large and durable. Occasionally bamboo is used bu in order to insure strength the bamboo must be

Bears to Sullivan County.

Charles Eichman and Frederick schott hantfrom Norway to Constantinopie. There is indeed no country of importance in any part of
that Coptinent which is not here beautifully
illustrated, and the more thorough the familiarity of the reader's eye with the pictures of
European travel, the greater will be his delight

European travel, the greater will be his delight

In places you may come on patches of spindly
aspens, which have turned a lemon yellow, and
along the rib in order to
shoot well, our author believes they are mistaken. He points out that taking aim does not
mean dwelling on the object sighted, and pottering about in an uncertain way with the gun

European travel, the greater will be his delight

In places you may come on patches of spindly
aspens, which have turned a lemon yellow, and
along the streams bear cherries, vines, and
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